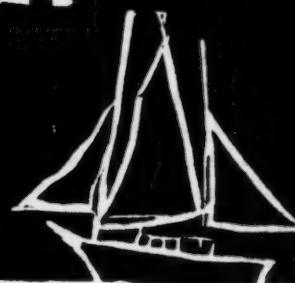


JUNE 1958

LIBERATION



In this Issue-

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON mailed us his report on the latest episode in the saga of the Golden Rule from the jail in Honolulu, where he is serving a sentence of sixty days for his part in the activities he describes. An architect (and grandfather) who lives in St. James, Long Island, he is a member of the executive board of directors, and chairman, of the executive committee for the foreign section, of the American Friends Service Committee. Also in jail in Honolulu are the other crew members of the Golden Rule: Albert Bigelow, George Wilmoughby, Orion Sherwood, and James Peck. Peck was arrested, for violation of probation, just after writing "Jail is Our Home Port".

JAMES PECK has initiated, and taken part in, scores of direct action projects against militarism and racial segregation. In May, he participated in the week-long fast and sit-in at the Atomic Energy Commission in Germantown, Maryland.

ROBERT GRANAT is a young writer and painter who lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico. His short story "My Apples" appears in the current O. Henry Memorial Award collection.

STAUGHTON LYND has lived in several intentional communities, and has studied much of the available literature on the subject. At present, he is engaged in writing and research in New York City.

KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI was an associate of Gandhi, and is the author of *War Without Violence*.

THE COVER is a woodcut by Vera Williams of Gate Hill Cooperative, Haverstraw, N. Y. Last month, **LIBERATION** carried her analysis of the Walk for Peace.

THE DRAWINGS on pages 12 and 19 were sent to us from India by a subscriber.

The latest installment of A. J. MUSTE's autobiography has been postponed until next issue, in order to allow more space for coverage of the accelerating movement against nuclear testing.

The next **LIBERATION** will be a double issue for July and August. The contents will include a major article by **HARRY ELMER BARNES** on historical revisionism (the correction of historical myths, especially in regard to war); an analysis from South Africa of the background of the treason trials currently being held there; and psychiatrist **JEROME D. FRANK**'s appraisal of the insanity of the nuclear arms race.

"EVERY TEST KILLS", the powerful statement of the case against nuclear testing by Nobel Prize-winner **LINUS PAULING**, which first appeared in the February issue of **LIBERATION**, is now available in sixteen-page pamphlet form. Copies are 10c each; 15 for \$1; 5c each in quantities of 100 or more.

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man without a horse

Perhaps the most accurate way to describe the recent events in France would be to say that a company of French players has been enacting a crisis. The players were generals and politicians, the latter the leaders of nearly a score of parties ranging from Fascists all the way to Communists, as they are arranged in the French Assembly, which is supposed to be the guardian of the traditions of the Great Revolution. The performance resembled a ritual dance, now solemn and now farcical. The behavior of the French people indicated clearly that they did not feel themselves really involved, except as spectators, and that insofar as decisions were being made, they were not being made by the people.

As a matter of fact, apathy was a suitable response to the unreality of the whole performance. No decisions about the future of France have as yet been taken; none of the problems which led to the crisis have been tackled. All that has happened is that one political device, the French style of parliamentarianism, stopped dead in its weary tracks, and another political device, a hybrid dictatorship, took its place. The cabinet of the dictatorship is largely composed of the old political leaders, including the Socialist chief, Guy Mollet, who once professed to abhor dictatorship. Whether the new set-up will prove to be the prelude to Fascism—with De Gaulle as the Hindenburg to a not yet emergent Hitler—or whether it is simply a camouflaged version of the coalition of Center groups (with elements of the so-called Left and Right) which has so many times been patched together only to fall apart again, no objective observer ventures to judge.

It is certain that the Western, or self-styled "free", world has suffered another severe setback. What has happened will not encourage Communists and the uncommitted peoples of the world to have confidence in democracy. In France itself, the people have no sense of participating in the democratic process, but rather the feeling of being manipulated by events and by politicians. Their attitude toward the manipulation appears to be mainly one of passivity rather than of active disgust and rebellion. But manipulation

and passivity are the marks of totalitarian, rather than democratic, regimes. What has become of the supposedly vast difference between totalitarianism and democracy? If furthermore, there is in Communist countries a dynamism, a sense of having broken with the past and building for the future which is largely lacking in the democracies, who will rule in the future and what hope for man is there in that future?

Instead of concentrating on the problem of how man is to remain man—or *become* truly man—in the nuclear age, a problem which faces all peoples alike today, the democratic countries are obsessed with the ideas of power, military security, and war. They believe that the one way to contain and eventually to destroy Communism is by military superiority. They believe—even though verbally they forswear the idea—that war in the nuclear age is still a rational form of behavior.

Instead of accepting (with or without regrets) the fact that France is no longer a great power, and facing the problem of how to live in the present, the French people, even after two unutterably tragic wars, want to hold on to the illusion of "glory". De Gaulle cannot imagine a France without "glory", i. e. power. Undoubtedly he will insist that France be accorded the dignity of being a nuclear power. But to attempt to play a role in the nuclear arms race will only aggravate the political, economic and cultural ruin of France.

The United States, likewise obsessed with military superiority, appears on the one hand as France's benefactor; and on the other hand, uses France for American military purposes in NATO. But the maintenance of a key role in a huge NATO is beyond the capacities of France and therefore doubly detrimental to the welfare of her people.

Because the United States, as a power-state, cannot afford to alienate a NATO ally, and because military superiority *vis-a-vis* Russia is the cornerstone of United States foreign policy, the United States cannot clearly support the Algerian movement for independence. The results are that on the one hand, France is bankrupted and, on the other hand,

the Algerians are alienated from the American power bloc and begin to look toward the Kremlin as a friend.

No aspect of the events in France more sharply illuminates the devastating effect of failure to stand uncompromisingly against war than the roles played by the Socialists and the Communists. The French Socialist Party has in recent years given a peculiarly horrendous illustration of what happens to a party which professes freedom and liberation but at the same time regards itself as responsible for the so-called interests, security and honor of a modern state. The French S. P. has been largely in charge of the war in Algeria. Earlier it was a cabinet under the leadership of Socialist Guy Mollet that launched the attack on Egypt. It is inevitable that a party as schizophrenic and untrue to the early anti-militarism of the socialist movement as this one is, should split apart in the present crisis, almost exactly half voting for De Gaulle and the other half against him. One half votes, as one reporter phrased it, for De Gaulle as the only fireman who can put out the fire in the house, the other against him as the villain who set the fire. In part, this happened because the former regarded acceptance of De Gaulle as preferable to a "popular front" with the Communists. This is understandable. But the question which History posed to the French Socialists was not whether to choose De Gaulle or a "popular front", but whether they had an alternative program for a people who are deathly sick of war and stale politics. Obviously they did not.

For the Communists, also, the question History poses is not whether they can inveigle the Socialists and non-Communist unions into a united front. One would suppose that by this time they would see that their bait is stale and that it stinks. The question is again whether they have a program and leadership for peace. And the answer is that they do not. For they, like the Socialists, have ideological ties with a vast power state which sees its security in its nuclear arsenal. The French Communists muted their opposition to De Gaulle because it is not in the

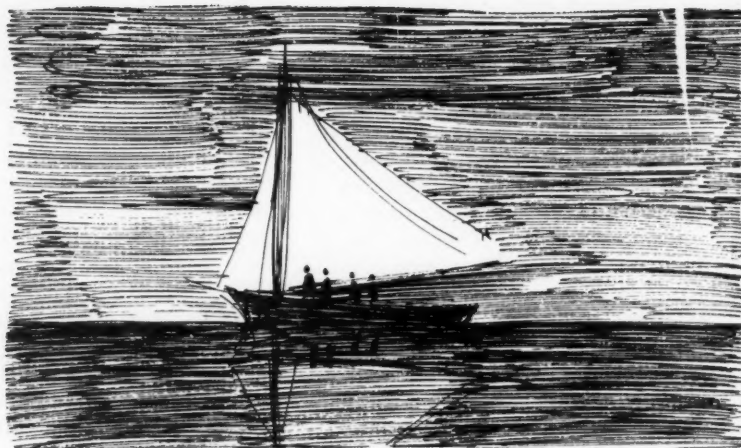
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THE TWO FACES OF MARS

Jail Is Our Home Port

James Peck

6/58



JUNE 4, 1958, Albert Bigelow, George Willoughby, Orion Sherwood and myself were set to sail the 30-ft. ketch *Golden Rule* into the Pacific bomb test area. Food and water sufficient for the whole journey were aboard. At the stern in view of all passersby, we had hung a sign saying: "*Golden Rule* Sails Again at 12, noon, June 4 for Bomb Test Area."

From mid-morning our Honolulu well-wishers together with curiosity seekers started to gather on the dock. About 10 o'clock two marshals served me with a copy of the injunction restraining the *Golden Rule* from sailing. It was for violating this injunction that Bigelow, Willoughby, Sherwood and William Huntington (the fourth crew member at that time) had received a sixty-day suspended sentence following the original attempt to sail from Honolulu. As a new crew member, I had not yet been officially notified of the injunction—hence the marshals' special visit.

I was signed on the *Golden Rule* to free Huntington for recruiting a second crew which would sail the vessel in the event the first crew were jailed. Bigelow and Huntington were our only available navigators and Non-Violent Action Against Nuclear Weapons, the sponsoring group, did not want to have them both out of commission simultaneously.

As noon approached, the crowd on the dock swelled to over three hundred. The great majority were in sympathy. A few were not. Four school kids were holding up an improvised sign saying: "Pacifists Go Home."

At 11:50, the four of us went on deck preparatory for letting go the lines. A well-wisher was putting leis (Hawaiian flower wreaths) around our neck when we saw the two marshals approaching. They had a warrant for Bigelow's arrest. Bigelow addressed the crowd briefly from the stern deck, explaining what had happened, and then was led away by the marshals.

Visibly disappointed, the people started to drift away. The government had thwarted our sailing by removing our captain and navigator. Little did the crowd suspect what was to ensue. Neither did we.

We next went to court for Bigelow's arraignment. He was given a two-day adjournment and went to jail. We returned to the boat somewhat dejected. We had not been aboard an hour, when Huntington arrived. We knew he was due to return—but not that soon. He had heard on his way from the airport about Bigelow's arrest and he had made up his mind.

To a lone photographer who happened to be there, he said: "Stay a couple of minutes and you'll get a good picture." To us he said: "What are we waiting for?" "All set, captain," responded Willoughby and we prepared to set sail. In less than two minutes Sherwood started the engine and Willoughby and I let go the lines. Huntington took the tiller. We were off. Within minutes we were outside the breakwater and heading for the open seas. Then, we put up all the sails. We were speeding seaward at over five knots in fairly choppy waters. As one yachtsman observing the *Golden Rule* said later, "It was a beautiful sight." We were beyond the three-mile limit when we saw in the distance two Coast Guard vessels pursuing us. Gradually they overtook us but by the time they came alongside, we were almost six miles out.

Through a megaphone the Coast Guard officer in charge shouted: "*Golden Rule*, what is your destination?"

"The Marshall Islands," replied Huntington.

"Where in the Marshall Islands?"

"Eniwetok."

"We have a warrant for the arrest of William Huntington."

There ensued an exchange on whether the Coast Guard has the right to make arrests beyond the three-mile limit. The officer maintained the Coast Guard can arrest Americans anywhere on the high seas. He then asked whether Huntington wanted the Coast Guard to tow the vessel to port. Recalling how such an operation had resulted in damaging the *Golden Rule* on the first attempted sailing, Huntington said No. The Coast

Guard officer boarded the boat and stood by for the return voyage.

By this time a storm had come up. All of us were drenched, both from the rain and from the spray from mounting waves. The return trip took twice as long as the trip out. By the time we came alongside the yacht basin dock it was almost dark. Despite the rain, a large crowd was assembled. Our sympathizers cheered; two people booed. As soon as the vessel was tied up, the two marshals arrested Huntington and took him to jail. We were again without a captain and navigator.

The following morning Huntington was arraigned, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to 60 days in jail. "My plea is to the fact that I moved the boat, but in my conscience I do not feel I have done anything wrong," he told the court. He then characterized the continuation of nuclear tests as "criminal insanity."

Less than two hours after Huntington's arrest, Willoughby and Sherwood were arrested while visiting him in the city jail. I was arrested at the Friends Meeting House, where I was painting placards for picketing the courthouse. We were all three taken at once to court where we pleaded guilty. Willoughby and Sherwood were sentenced to 60 days. Since it was my first violation of the injunction, I was given a 60-day sus-

pended sentence. The following day Bigelow was also sentenced to 60 days. As one newspaper headline put it: "Jail Now Pacifists' Home Port."

As soon as I left the courtroom, I rushed to the Friends Meeting House for the picket signs and notified the newspapers that I would picket the courthouse within a half hour. A large contingent of newspapermen were on hand, expecting, possibly, that I would be arrested. I am officially on probation for a year, though I refused to sign the required papers and am technically subject to arrest. However, I was not molested. Within 20 minutes I was joined by Ben Norris, local spokesman for Non-Violent Action Against Nuclear Weapons and by Steve and Marilyn Vause, two university students. The following day there were 14 pickets at the courthouse.

In addition to this support from a locality unaccustomed to picketing, large numbers of people had come to the yacht basin to visit the *Golden Rule* during its prolonged detention in Honolulu, and to wish us success.

A couple of days before sailing a middle-aged Japanese man stood on the dock with tears in his eyes. "Read in papers," he explained. He spoke little English but succeeded in telling us that he is from Hiroshima and that he had lost 13 of his family in the 1945 A-bombing.

"If You Feel Like It"

William Huntington

I HAD been wondering all the way back from New York when the "third" sailing would be. Now there was a new situation—the sailing that day had not even cast a symbolic rope off, because the skipper had been snatched away by the government. No new crew was needed for another sailing; only the second skipper, and here he was. There didn't seem to be any reason for delay.

I said to Hugo Kortschak of the Honolulu Friends meeting, who had met me at the airport: "Isn't the thing to do, perhaps, for me just to get aboard in Bert's place and all of us sail right now?" "A good question", he said, "but I wasn't going to ask it." "Would you think it good?" I persisted. "Only you" he said "can answer this for yourself."

As we drove across the city to Ala Wai, I turned the situation over and over. It seemed to me crystal clear that I should sail with the others "as soon as possible"—the *only* question being whether or not to wait overnight. I tried not to make up my mind any further about it until seeing the others at the boat.

"Perhaps," said Hugo, "they won't all be there anyway."

They were all there and when I asked them if they

thought any more notice was necessary to the authorities before sailing, George Willoughby said he had told the press, after Bert was taken away, that the sailing was "only delayed". The sign on the stern still said "Sailing June 4th". "What," I asked, still in my New York suit, "are we waiting for?" "We're ready," said the others, "you give the word".

Once decided we lost no time. It was not yet 4:45 and I had landed at 3:57. No one was on hand to restrain or oppose us and we slid smoothly out the channel, with many waving us good cheer from boats along the pier. There was a fresh wind and as soon as we were beyond the reefs, we hoisted sail, and before long were going so well we shut off the engine. We passed what I estimated from the chart to be the three mile limit with no coast guard in sight, and we began to imagine that perhaps we were indeed free, and had a long sail ahead of us. At least, I began to think, we should be out all night, for the sun was already nearing the Western horizon. The further from shore we got, the more wind we had and, with the genoa jib set we were making fast time on a fairly rough sea.

Our dreams came to an end, when far astern, there appeared a coast guard cutter pursuing us. I think we must have been at least six miles out when they caught up with us—two of them, an 85 footer and the small launch that had towed us in before. The same Lieutenant Hansen who had been in charge of the first arrest got in the smaller launch, came alongside and

boarded. He said there was a warrant out for my arrest, and that his instructions were to take me off the *Golden Rule* and bring me back to shore on his boat. I asked Lt. Hansen if he had authority to make this arrest on the high seas and he said he did, quoting chapter and verse of the law. There was no point in disputing this because we didn't see it in writing, and anyway he had the large gun boat to back him up! (Sea lawyers and armchair lawyers can now discuss the case *ad infinitum* because we have been arrested at the docks, within coastal waters, and on the high seas—all three. Yachtsmen are reported to be aroused by this "unlawful" act of government!)

We were too far out to make towing a simple matter—even if he could have done it, and apparently he had no intention of doing so—I didn't like his idea of leaving the other three with the boat. Jim Peck had had no chance at all to "learn the ropes." I didn't think it right to leave to George Willoughby and Orion Sherwood the responsibility of handling the boat alone at night—in the open sea—and there was no question but that it was wrong to imagine that they would be able to sail on course to the bomb test area. So I explained to Lt. Hansen that I would prefer to follow his orders by sailing the *Golden Rule* back to the dock rather than by abandoning the ship without competent command aboard. He said this was all right with him, but we would have to get an OK from shore. His man aboard the cutter got this over the radiophone, and so we came about, put on the working jib, and sailed back. Hansen said he'd lend a hand in any sail-handling, etc., so he did, getting himself well soaked in spray and losing his uniform cap overboard. He was very friendly and cooperative. We got sails down and furled before we got to the channel buoy, and we were inside, turning into the Ala Wai basin, just at dark—about 7:30 p. m.

As we went slowly down the line of ships to our old one, we could see that there was a large crowd gathered

under the "street" lights. People were standing on the ends of all the docking piers, and flashlight explosions kept going off. At our slip, there were floodlights and lots of waving hands and cheering voices.

The marshal-clerk was there with a warrant, hastily altered in ink to suit the present circumstances. I left the checking of lines, furling of sails, etc., to the others, and followed the marshal ashore.

A young girl, thirteen or fourteen years old, was the first to shake my hand and say "Good work. We're all for you." Other voices and faces, both familiar and unfamiliar, spoke and smiled encouragingly. It was too late to be arraigned that evening, so I was taken to the jail, and soon found myself in a small cell on the upper spring of a squeaky double-decker above Bert Bigelow.

My time in court on Thursday, June 5th, was brief. The judge asked me about counsel, and I said I didn't want any. I pleaded "guilty", but qualified it by stating that I felt no moral guilt for opposing the criminal activity of a state and law that allowed people to prepare to wage nuclear warfare. I asked Attorney Blissard, who had received instructions from the top administrators of the executive branch of the government, both civil and military, to restrain us, to report to them what he had observed—that we were not engaged in petty or mischievous harassment of the government, but were trying with all our beings to awaken these persons to the great opportunities and responsibilities they hold in the face of the issue of world annihilation.

The judge said that the orders of his court had to be obeyed, and asked me why the boat had been called *Golden Rule*. After I told him, he stated that we had tainted this old precept for him so that, henceforth, it would mean to him: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you, if you feel like it."

He then sentenced me to sixty days.

Follow the Golden Rule

A. J. Muste

IN MANY TRIALS which have come to be regarded as historic, the issue has been whether the defendants owed obedience primarily to the law of man or to the law of God.

This pattern was repeated in the two trials of the four-man crew of the ketch *Golden Rule* in the federal court in Honolulu on May 1 and 7.

Readers of *LIBERATION* are familiar with the plan for this little vessel to sail from San Pedro, California, to the United States nuclear testing grounds in the Pacific to protest, "come what may", against the continuance of the tests. (Copies of Albert Bigelow's state-

ment "Why I Am Sailing This Boat Into the Bomb-Test Area" are available from *LIBERATION* for 3c each.) On their first attempt to get from San Pedro to Honolulu the crew was stopped seven hundred miles out to sea by the worst storms encountered in that part of the Pacific in thirty years. The crew made repairs and on March 25, set out again for Honolulu. After a generally smooth voyage, the skipper, Albert S. Bigelow, former Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N., brought the *Golden Rule* into the Ala Wai Yacht Basin in Honolulu on the sunlit morning of April 19.

Before the *Golden Rule* started on its voyage, indeed ever since the idea of the project was born, there had been speculation as to when the machinery of the United States government would be set in motion to stop the

ship. Most of those close to the project guessed that the government would wait to see if they got to Hawaii, in the hope that the tiny ketch might never make it that far or that through some other development the Atomic Energy Commission might be able to avoid taking action which would put the spotlight of global publicity on the venture.

On Tuesday, April 22, it still seemed likely that the boat would be permitted to leave Honolulu two days later, as had been planned. However, from evidence that came out at the trials we can now deduce that on that very day, or possibly the day before, Federal District Attorney Louis B. Blissard had received orders from Attorney General Rogers in Washington to slap a restraining order on the crew, based on the Atomic Energy Act and on the A. E. C. order of April 12 which made it a crime to enter the testing area while the 1958 series of tests was under way.

On that Tuesday the crew members received word that District Attorney Blissard wanted to confer with them. Ready to communicate freely with anyone about their plans and motives, but not willing to conform to government orders which might violate conscience, they asked whether this was to be a "friendly conference", or whether they were being "summoned" to appear. They were assured that it was to be the former. Blissard sought to dissuade them from continuing their voyage, but avoided giving orders or making direct threats.

Two days later, at 9:40 a. m., Jon Wiig, Federal Judge for the district of Hawaii, issued a temporary restraining order.

Within an hour, the United States Marshal served the men with the restraining order, which further stipulated that there would be a hearing six days later on May 1.

May Day in Honolulu

Should the crew defy the order at once or should it agree to appear in court on May Day? Somewhat reluctantly, they decided on the latter course. In retrospect (especially in view of the tremendous public impact made by the conduct of the men in court), the decision appears to have been a wise one. Unfortunately, a phrase of Bigelow's about "conforming" to the order of the court was publicized out of context so as to give the impression that under no circumstances would the men violate a court order. Had the crew rejected out of hand any appearance in court, many supporters would have felt that the action was precipitate, or even "crackpot".

The policy of the N. V. A. A. N. W. has been to emphasize the witness against nuclear testing and the voyage to Eniwetok, and not to let attention be diverted to complicated legal maneuvers.

Exceptional Lawyers

The lawyers who were obtained were exceptionally qualified in every respect for a case of this kind. The local attorney was Katsuro Miho, able, successful and popular, who did not hesitate to risk hostility and loss of business on account of identification with a radical pacifist enterprise. From California came A. L. Wirin, the well-known American Civil Liberties Union attorney, as representative of the committee of distinguished personages, including Lord Russell, Martin Niemoller, Kagawa, Linus Pauling, Norman Thomas, and Clarence Pickett, who are seeking to bring suits in American, British and Soviet courts to enjoin nuclear testing.

Wirin's entry into the case set off an explosion which gives vivid insight into the psychological and political climate of Hawaii. It must be borne in mind that Honolulu is the site of Pearl Harbor. The people of Hawaii are psychologically as well as topographically nearer to "Pearl Harbor 1941" than are mainlanders. There is a huge military establishment on the Islands which is under constant alert. In the matter of union recognition, the Islands are back where the mainland was before the New Deal. The dominant (and the only significant) union is the International Longshore Workers Union. The I. L. W. U. and its leader Harry Bridges are controversial anywhere, but supremely so in Hawaii. In the estimation of virtually all the middle and upper class inhabitants, I. L. W. U. is synonymous with Russia, Communism, *The Enemy*. Moreover, an I. L. W. U.-led strike of the sugar workers had been going on for weeks preceding the trials.

Wirin has sometimes represented the I. L. W. U., and was the attorney in a famous Honolulu Smith Act case, which he eventually won in the Supreme Court. In the opinion of many Islanders Wirin's victory constitutes a reflection on the Supreme Court, not a vindication of Wirin. When he was accepted as associate counsel by the crew, some people said that this placed the stamp of Communism indelibly on the *Golden Rule*.

Under these circumstances, it is a great tribute to the reputation for integrity that has been established by the pacifist movement in general and also an indication of the tremendous impression made by each and every crew member that no anti-pacifist or anti-*Golden Rule* hysteria developed, and that the two Honolulu English-language newspapers, the *Star-Bulletin* and the *Advertiser*, gave the project a lot of space, with the reporting being for the most part objective. There was, however, one smear attempt in the *Star-Bulletin* of May 1, which was captioned "U. S. Leftists Embrace Cause of Protest Ketch". Reference was made to the fact that Harry Bridges had briefly visited the boat "to lay his blessing on the ketch, her skipper, Albert S. Bigelow, and his Quaker friends." Bridges was followed by A. L. Wirin. Then: "Tuesday one of the best known leftists in the

East, Abraham Jakob Muste appeared on the scene also eager to help."

The scene in Judge Wiig's court, May 1, was a tense one, particularly since the judge himself was obviously under great tension. The fact that he was dealing with noble and unquestionably sincere men was probably one reason. Many people in Honolulu pointed freely to another possible reason. The judge is a Democrat, and he is coming up for re-appointment in the middle of this month. It does not require an unusually suspicious nature to surmise that Judge Wiig's re-appointment would be in jeopardy if his conduct of the *Golden Rule* trial turned out to be unsatisfactory. Indeed, as if to leave no doubt in the judge's mind as to the hard facts, the letter sent by Attorney General Rogers to District Attorney Blissard ordering him to initiate action against the crew was read into the record. *Rogers is the man who will decide whether or not to give Wiig another term!*

The proceedings on the morning of the first trial were brief. The crew had filed an affidavit the day before disavowing any intention physically to sabotage the tests but affirming: "We intend to arrive in the danger zone. We are prepared to risk any danger there might be to our person and property." I had filed an affidavit in which the Committee for Non-Violent Action Against Nuclear Weapons had assumed full responsibility for support of the *Golden Rule* project and the actions of its crew. The judge had read ten affidavits in chambers and did not deem it necessary to discuss them. Efforts of Miho and Wirin to present arguments bearing on the authority of the Atomic Energy Commission were blocked by Wiig's curt assertion that these questions could all be raised on appeal, and that in his opinion they had nothing to do with the validity of a temporary restraining order or temporary injunction. The order stood. The men were solemnly warned not to try to take the *Golden Rule* out.

Attorney Miho arose and said quietly: "Your honor, my clients wish to inform the court they will go despite the temporary injunction."

Ready for Sea

Go they did—and without delay. The decision that they could not in conscience obey the court order had been arrived at after heart-searching discussions on the two preceding days. The question as to exactly when to go had been left open, pending their appearance in court.

The reporters and cameramen evidently thought that at least a couple of hours would elapse before the sailing was attempted. When the crew members, accompanied only by myself, representing N. V. A. A. N. W., entered an auto that had been placed at our disposal by a member of Honolulu Friends Meeting and drove straight

to the yacht basin, no one followed. At 12:20 the *Golden Rule* was ready to sail. I cast off the last rope; the ketch backed into the channel, turned and steamed away.

Throughout the world, the press, TV and radio have told how a Coast Guard cutter called to Bigelow to heaven to when the *Golden Rule* was a mile or so on its way. Inspection "revealed" that the lettering identifying the boat was three-eighths of an inch short! By the time this startling discovery was made, District Attorney Blissard had time to have warrants signed for the arrest of the crew. A shore-to-ship telephone message ordered the Coast Guard officer to place the men under arrest. The officer asked Bigelow to follow him into port. Bigelow naturally refused, saying that by his arrest he had been deprived of control of his ship. Thereupon the Coast Guard took the *Golden Rule* in tow. It was back in its berth an hour and a half after its departure.

Within two hours, the crew were again in Judge Wiig's courtroom. At the start of the afternoon proceedings, an incident occurred which illustrates the underlying tension in the situation and undoubtedly the seriousness with which Washington higher-ups regard the case. The judge demanded that the lawyers, Miho and Wirin, explain what they had done in the interval between the adjournment and the reconvening. He made it clear that he suspected them of having encouraged the crew to violate his order, if only by failing to try hard enough to dissuade them.

Miho and Wirin replied quietly. As a matter of fact, they had had no contact with the men during the period in question. They had earlier apprised the crew of the consequences of violating the injunction. They made it clear that they had great respect for men who act courageously according to conscience. A week later, at the conclusion of the contempt trial, Judge Wiig said he was astounded at lawyers who took this attitude. There were audible gasps in the courtroom, even from reporters and officials, when, after having sentenced the members of the crew, Wiig announced that he was officially referring the conduct of Miho and Wirin in the case to the Ethics Committee of the Bar Association of Honolulu. He backed up his action by a quotation from a statute, one obviously not relevant to cases of this kind, stating that a lawyer should separate himself from a client who persists in violating the law.

For the rest, the proceedings on the afternoon of May 1 were brief. The crew members declined bail and were taken to the city jail.

Conscience Speaks in Court

The atmosphere at the opening of the contempt trial on May 7 was more relaxed than it had been the week before, though this ceased to be the case at the close when Judge Wiig made his fantastic ruling on Miho and Wirin.

(continued on page 13)

To the Finland Station

Bayard Rustin

IN APRIL five of us left the United States on our "Mission to Moscow", hoping to plead with Russian citizens and officials to stop the production and testing of nuclear weapons. Our group comprised Lawrence Scott, co-ordinator of Non-Violent Action Against Nuclear Weapons; Marvin Gewirtz, a clinical psychologist; Morton Ryweck, an insurance broker; Mrs. Lola Stone, whose correspondence with a Leningrad housewife was published in the *New York Times* and *Pravda* last year; and myself.

Our first stop was England, where we visited 10 Downing St. to leave a letter for Prime Minister Macmillan, in which we called on him to halt English testing of nuclear weapons. While in England, I was able to take part in the dramatic march from London to Aldermaston, production center for nuclear weapons. It was a moving experience to be part of the ten thousand who left London on the fifty-mile hike. For a good part of the way, we had to contend with a slow English drizzle, which dampened everything but our spirits. The significant thing about the Aldermaston March was the presence of hundreds upon hundreds of young people—the "angry young men", who had previously taken no part in British political life. There were skiffle groups (skiffle is a form of jazz, dating back to early New Orleans, and now much in vogue among British youth), dance groups, and delegations of the "beat generation".

My observations in England have led me to two conclusions. First, there is little difference between the positions the Labor Party and the Tories take on nuclear arms. Opposition to the arms race is coming from outside both of these parties and is not reflected in the policies of either of them. Second, it was my impression that the British are opposed to the nuclear arms race not because of fear of what might happen to them (as seems to be the case in the United States) but rather out of deep shame and anger that Britain is involved in this kind of barbarism.

After leaving England, we went to Paris, arriving just after the fall of the Gaillard government. From the moment we arrived, we found that all political discussion led to Algeria. The contention of the Right and Center political elements was that, without an H-bomb, France could not be considered seriously in big-power negotiations, that the only way to retain big-power status was by testing an H-bomb, and that the only place to test it is the Sahara Desert. This means that Algeria must be held at all costs. A number of French Socialists also held this view. But in France, the radical Left feels Europe to be impotent in the power struggle, and urges withdrawal from it.

When we arrived in Bonn, we found that Left polit-

ical elements fear the H-bomb because of the rise to power of former Nazis, in business, political and academic life, and feel that production of the H-bomb would strengthen the hand of the worst elements in West Germany. There is a feeling that Germany's best course would be to withdraw from the American-Soviet power struggle.

In England and Germany, we had the opportunity to talk with high-level nuclear scientists who expressed shock that Dr. Edward Teller was apparently willing to sell his soul for a political mess of pottage. They told us that no scientist in Europe would argue that the testing was not extremely dangerous—the only area of disagreement would be as to the exact extent of the danger.

But the problem in Europe—as in the United States—is the absence of a vital socialist movement. The Socialist parties in Germany, France and England are saying the same things as the Center and Right parties. There is nowhere for the rising opposition to go politically. Foreign policy is, after all, domestic policy with a top hat on, and the desire to continue the *status quo* makes it impossible for the political parties to take firm action against nuclear weapons. They are afraid that the United States will cut off economic aid if Europe rejects H-bomb bases.

On the other hand, radical elements are increasingly taking the position that Europe's only hope is to withdraw from the arms race. The English feel that Britain's only possible military role is that of a battleship in the United States Navy. There is some feeling that the withdrawal of England, France and Germany from the arms race would evoke a response from the East and from Africa, which would lead to a "moral bloc against war". Such a bloc would become a real factor in the



power struggle, and would force both Russia and America to re-think their positions.

In essence, then, the central problem facing the peace movement is that of creating a political form through which it can express itself on both domestic and foreign policy. If no such political form is created, the peace walks and demonstrations will have had no practical meaning, but will prove to have been only a futile protest, a kind of broken, faltering voice raised against the ominous thunder of rockets and H-bombs.

Turning now to our experience in trying to enter the Soviet Union, let us indicate briefly the chronology of the trip. On February 26th, we wrote to Premier Bulganin, setting forth our desire to visit the Soviet Union. In March, we applied for visas. The applications were channeled through Intourist by an authorized agent of Intourist in New York. Early in April, the Soviet Consulate in Washington wrote the travel agency that visa applications of Lawrence Scott and myself had been approved by Moscow. The letter stating this was in our hands before we left the United States. In addition, an official in the Soviet Embassy in Washington stated categorically that all five visas would be waiting for us in Helsinki before May 1, the date scheduled for our entrance into the Soviet Union.

From April 28 to May 14, we made daily inquiries at the Consulate in Helsinki. Meanwhile the Philadelphia office of Non-Violent Action against Nuclear Weapons was making inquiries at the Soviet Embassy in Washington. On May 4, we addressed a letter to the Soviet Ambassador in Helsinki. From May 3 to May 10, a Helsinki travel agency with Intourist contract made several calls to Intourist in Moscow to ask about our visas. On May 10 and 12, two telephone calls were made to the visas section of the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Moscow. We wrote to Andrey Gromyko, Minister of Foreign Affairs, on May 10, and followed this up with a phone call directly to his office, in Moscow, four days later.

Finally, after all these appeals, an official of the Soviet Embassy in Helsinki told us that it was his private opinion that the visas would not arrive and that we should return to the United States. We said we appreciated his giving us his private opinion, but that we wanted an official statement one way or the other from Moscow. To this he replied: "That is not the way things are done; things do not work that way. I should strongly advise you to return to America." Thus the rejection was never made official, it being clear that the Soviet Union did not want it to be known that it had officially refused our admission. So on May 14, we sent a final letter to Premier Khrushchev, which read in part:

In words and in action we have been saying to our own government that no nation, even for its own defense, has any right to test, produce and threaten to use nuclear

weapons, for these endanger the very existence of mankind. We have constantly urged the United States government to stop all such activities unconditionally, that is, regardless of what other governments do.

In the name of humanity, we had wished to make the same proposal to the Soviet peoples and leaders. We had prepared a leaflet, in both Russian and English, stating this position and urging that the Soviet peoples and government move a step further than they had and to declare that they would not produce or stockpile or test nuclear weapons regardless of what other nations might do.

It is a delusion on the part of any government that there is any security in these hideous weapons of modern war. They only create insecurity for the people of the Soviet Union, of America and of the rest of the world.

In like manner, we must vigorously protest to you and to the Soviet government for failing to grant us visas to enter your country and to meet with citizens to discuss the need for a new and moral approach to peace between our nations.

Next we sent a letter in Russian to one hundred and fifty leaders in the Soviet Union—scientists, writers, musicians, college presidents, etc. With each letter we sent three or four leaflets (also in Russian) explaining our position and expressing our hope that Russian citizens would join us in bringing direct pressure against their own government to stop production of nuclear weapons. We stated:

We are mailing you the enclosed peace appeal instead of discussing it with you in person, since your government has not granted us entry into the Soviet Union.

We want to emphasize that peace attained through dedication to non-violent action is our goal; that the "Cold War" power maneuvers of both sides can only end in tragedy for all.

We shall continue to carry this message to our government and people by words and action. We trust you are a person who is concerned about peace between our countries, and we hope you will give serious thought to the great benefit which would come to mankind if one nation would be great enough to take unilateral and unconditional action to end the arms race.

Also included in our appeal to these leaders of Soviet life was a copy of our letter to Khrushchev, which had concluded in the following words:

The arrest of the crew of the *Golden Rule* by the United States and the refusal of the Soviet government to admit us is not a happenstance. These actions spring from the psychological rigidity and suspicion that enmesh those who place their reliance on military power. To reject without serious consideration new approaches or efforts is further evidence that the grave possibility of world suicide cannot really be comprehended by national leaders if they are engaged at the same time in the policy of deterrence. One cannot prepare for war and peace at the same time. . .

We pray that the time will come when the peoples and leaders of both the Soviet Union and the United States will realize that peace cannot be gained by threats of war and violence. "There is no way to peace; peace is the way." There is growing evidence that mankind can exist in peace and freedom, and civilization advance, only if some nation is courageous enough to accept the moral and political wisdom of Gandhi-like non-violence.

NOT BY SEX ALONE . . .

ROBERT GRANAT

THERE IS ONE ASPECT of Gandhi's Way and Christ's Way and Buddha's Way that the modern mind, the mind that is steeped in Freud and all the social sciences which have been edging into the province of philosophy and religion, recoils from in horror: their renunciation of appetites, particularly the sexual appetite. One libertarian reads Gandhi's account of his struggles with sex and finds them ridiculous and revolting. "Why didn't he castrate himself and have it over with?" he asks. Another, a very active "Gandhian", tells me a story "from India" about Gandhi's sleeping naked, at the age of seventy-five or so, with a woman disciple of fifty to "prove he was free of sexual desire". When I mention Christianity, even God, among a group of contemporary artists, they recoil. To them, Christ's principal mission was to keep people from sexual enjoyment.

This may look absurd in print, but I wouldn't be writing this if I hadn't in my personal experience found such a complete lack of understanding of the subject of asceticism in general and sexual continence in particular.

There are, I think, two reasons for the utter block on the subject of sex. Most of us rebels are rebelling against our fathers' world. And that world's religion, if any, had degenerated into little more than a puritanical and hypocritical system of repressions. One's parents' morality was most strongly felt when it tried to inhibit one's sexual expression. The second reason, perhaps more important, is that we were all educated scientifically. Religion was not the heart of education as it has been in other times and cultures. Religion was the appendix, an obsolete atavism, kept as long as it didn't interfere with "healthy" functioning, but removed if it became annoying. My own education (and it was typical) was predominantly scientific, even in its approach to art and literature. Almost completely analysis, pulling things apart. No synthesis, no values. Reading Freud and the "humanologies", I learned that man's life consisted of a number of drives and their satisfaction. Since I came from a culture and class where few of us starved or lacked clothing or shelter, sex loomed up as the primary human drive. I read what happened to people when their sex drives were thwarted. I felt bodily what was happening to me when, at the height of my sex drive, I too was being thwarted. In my case, it took two years in the infantry to put my education into its proper perspective and to realize that sex is the number one drive only when

one is between certain ages and lives a life with plenty of comfort and leisure, as professors and students do. It took some experience with death, so conveniently wiped up in normal American society, to reveal that there is another human drive, one which my professors never mentioned—the drive towards God.

Gandhi was a man in whom the drive towards God was consummate. He was far from being a eunuch; his sex drive was obviously very strong, or he wouldn't have had to struggle with it so long. (He did not "stop" until he was thirty-seven.) The personality he radiated was neither effeminate nor passive, but virile in the highest sense. We have trouble understanding Gandhi's emphasis on renunciation because our devotion to truth is not consummate. Our vital energies are dispersed in several directions. When Louis Fischer asked Mahadev Desai the secret of Gandhi's power, that tremendous, loving, gentle, utterly fearless power that characterized Gandhi just as obviously as it fails to characterize most of us, Desai replied: "The sublimation of desire." "Sex?" Fischer wanted to know. "Every passion the flesh is heir to."

The reason Gandhi cut through, and will continue to cut through, time and place to touch men's hearts and lead them forward, while we psychologists and anthropologists and politicians and economists and city planners won't is not that his strength was any more than that of an ordinary man, but that he sharpened all his disparate urges like a dagger, while we are content to remain blunt and "broad-minded". He worked full-time. We work part-time.

It is strange, that urge that makes us snoop around to find failings in great men, to look to find some secret perversion on Gandhi's part, to find evidence of paranoia in Christ. What is it in us that would be satisfied to discover, for example, that Schweitzer had been having a liaison with a Negro youth? Why do we prefer to drag those who have gone beyond us back down to our level, rather than try to lift ourselves to theirs? Of course, it's easier. Bernard Shaw talks about this in his preface to *Saint Joan*. Saints make us feel uncomfortable. Because if these people are really saints, then we are likely to be sinners, and we'd prefer to regard ourselves as "normal, well-rounded individuals."

Another problem is perspective. From ours, we can only see Gandhi's renunciation of sex (as well as of fancy food, good mattresses, and other sensual objects) from underneath. We can only see it as negativism, as repression, as masochism, because that is what, attached

as we are, such renunciation would be for us. We cannot understand it as the discarding of one pleasure for a greater pleasure. We are very familiar with the sex drive and the pleasure entailed in its satisfaction. But we fail to see that the Truth-drive also has its ecstatic satisfactions, and that they are infinitely more overwhelming than sexual orgasm is. There is actually such a thing as the Beatific Vision. The ecstasy of the sensation of the presence of God, which man has experienced since his beginning, is *not* to be stashed away in the psychiatrist's notebook as another of the self-induced hysterical manifestations. The desire to serve Truth, to suffer with meaning for a cause one has faith in, for a God-image, is a most powerful and common human drive. That is why young men have by the billions renounced sexual pleasure, and even life, to fight and die for causes real and illusory. It is not just fear of authority that keeps a man in the army. It is because his drive towards sacrifice, towards communal and meaningful sacrifice (and even if he doesn't believe in the battle, he believes in the company of his comrades) is finding expression and fulfillment, a drive that is stronger than his drive for sexual gratification. It is this very drive that is at the basis of all true asceticism—the human need to suffer with meaning, to sacrifice to a God. Although I personally am no one to speak of the ecstasy of the Beatific Vision, as an artist I can report that creative expression can be a more thrilling and enduring experience than the sexual experience.

The world has been changed spiritually only by dedicated men, not men of words or of knowledge, or even of deeds, but men who "radiated something." The symbolism of the halo is perfect. Those simple fishermen didn't follow Christ because they agreed with his ethics, his philosophy or his reasoning. They followed him because they saw and felt the light he gave out, because he gave out Truth, Love, a radioactive energy, as different from knowledge and analysis as lead is from radium. The same is true of Gandhi. To Gandhi's radiance I personally can testify, because I felt it, half-way around the world, several years after his death; and this dead Hindu's authority spun my life around and faced it in another direction. And I am only one among thousands who have been struck, and millions who shall be.

The head agrees with many ideas and much analytical reasoning, but the heart directs, and it only responds to the heart; and our trouble in this country is not so much due to false political thinking as to the condition of our hearts. They are right, the medical experts, in more ways than one: heart disease is the number one killer. We all *know* war is wrong, for example, but on how many hearts does it exert a subtle fascination!

There is a second point, a less abstract one, I'd like

to make about asceticism. The first was the fact that he who really feels the impulse to witness against the lie of contemporary competitive society (one's fellow man seen as a potential rival, an enemy), and on behalf of a society based on love (one's fellow man seen as a brother), will be effective to the extent that he is dedicated and "pointed", and less effective to the extent that he is spread out, dissipated by his attachment to other things, such as sex, family, food, possessions, and financial security. Clearly, with just a certain amount of energy to expend, the more you are able to concentrate its direction, the more chance of motion.

Love Without Guts

The second point has to do with courage. Courage is certainly the top requirement for independent action. Love becomes impossible without guts. Courage is a virtue that is still held in respect, even by delinquents who yell "Lie!" to everything an adult tells them. And it has become among the rarest qualities in this age of drive-satisfaction. Courage is rare not only because we've become soft and luxuries have become necessities for us. It is rare also because we're not sure, really, what's right and what's wrong.

It is axiomatic that anybody who tries to buck the prevailing tides is going to have to suffer for it. There's no getting away from it. If a man so little as refuses to wear a tie as a useless piece of cloth, he runs head-on into tremendous social and economic resistance. A whole world of society and professions closes to him. If he then says that he disagrees with the whole damned Mammon-worshipping way of "life", and won't lead it—he'd better watch out.

And when suffering looms, the man who has practiced asceticism, voluntary poverty, renunciation, is perhaps better able to meet it. The man whose orientation is scientific humanism, to whom well-being means natural wholesome foods, good wholesome sex, family happiness, bodily exercise, in other words, the elimination of suffering, may find it harder to face jail or destitution or separation from his wife—not to mention physical torture or death. For to scientific humanism, death, suffering, "evil", is an anomaly; there is no place for it in the schema. Man's a terrific machine, science says,



but a long way from perfect. Keeps breaking down, wearing out, like a clock or a car. But maybe one of these days we'll iron out the bugs. Life will triumph via tranquilizers, sex hormones, and nylon arteries. Life, it calls it, life...

He who seeks to save his life shall lose it, says Jesus Christ. Only he can truly live, says Gandhi, who goes to sleep at night with death as his pillow. Suffering, says Dostoevsky, is the sole cause of understanding.

Here are two distinct ways, two utterly different meanings given to the word "life". Our present confusion lies perhaps in not being able to evaluate their relative importance, in seeing science and religion as equals, partners. This they can never be. One must serve the other. Science is analytical, deductive. It describes and, to a certain extent, can predict behavior. It is concerned with What and how What operates. Knowledge, facts, Faust. It knows nothing about Why. It would have us believe Why doesn't matter. Religion is concerned with Why, with the meaning of human life. And man's need for meaning is much stronger than his need for knowledge. Every human being, even a child, must make some meaning, however false,

out of life in order to function. It is lack of meaning that fills our mental wards with intelligent people. If meaning is denied man (and if anything characterizes the modern Western mentality, it's not knowing what life is for), he will fabricate meaning. Idols, Big Brother's picture, Gina Lollobrigida, Cadillacs, narcotic or schizophrenic hallucinations, murder, war, even at the cost of his own destruction. I would not like to take a census of the hearts in this country that would welcome war. Pacifists, especially "once-born" pacifists, tend to overlook, I think, the tremendous function of war as a value-maker to a society with no values.

And we few who feel that "tap on the shoulder," who would bear witness, must demonstrate a meaning worth sacrificing to and sacrificing for, even more than offering blueprints and ideas, because man inevitably corrupts the most utopian and lofty blueprints and ideas to reflect his state of heart. We must show by our example that life is more than what the magazine, the business interests, the ordinary politicians and scientists claim it is, the animal drives and their satisfaction, that life is sacramental, meaningful sacrifice to the God that is Love.

Follow the Golden Rule

(continued from page 8)

The District Attorney admitted that "by our Christian standards these are good men", but added that they are "misguided people who insisted on taking the law in their own hands and now stand before the world as deliberate defiers of law and order."

"The conspiracy by the United States government to interfere with, delay, subdue and silence the voice of conscience" by means of the restraining order of May 1 misfired. It provided the members of the crew of the *Golden Rule* with a platform and a loudspeaker from which to proclaim their message to the world.

The strategists of the A. E. C. and the Department of Justice in Washington are aware, in my opinion, that the one thing the United States government cannot afford is to permit any injury from an explosion blast or fall-out, or even a storm, to befall the crew of the *Golden Rule* in the Pacific. To become responsible for the serious injury or death of its own citizens seeking non-violently and in love to keep their country from perpetrating further nuclear tests—this would be a moral outrage in the eyes of millions of Americans and the rest of the world.

Under the circumstances, they were clever men in Washington who gave Judge Wiig the orders or advice which led to the sentence imposed on Bigelow, Huntington, Willoughby and Sherwood on May 7. The sentence was "60 days in the custody of the Attorney General", with imposition suspended and the crew placed under probation for a year.

That this was a carefully planned move to take the moral initiative away from the crew was made clear as soon as the men conferred with James K. Mattoon, chief probation officer, about their status. No, he would not take them to jail; they were on probation. Would they sign the usual papers pledging good behavior, temperate living, etc.? If not, there was no hurry; let them take a few days to think it over.

They decided to take a couple of days, and walked out of the Federal Building. Two days later, accompanied by their attorney, they went back to Mattoon and told him that they could not accept the terms of probation, under which, so far as carrying out their mission or any direct action against nuclear war preparation, they would be imprisoned for a year, while the government avoided the onus of putting them in jail physically.

Mattoon was inflexibly affable. The problem was not his, but Judge Wiig's. He went to His Honor's chambers and told his tale. So did the crew's attorney. The judge took the position that he would "not discuss the sentence informally with anybody." Despite the men's refusal to sign probation papers, they are still on probation, so far as he is concerned.

As the men left Mattoon's office, he emphasized once more that they were his probationers and that he hoped Bigelow would let them know of any change of address. Bigelow at once replied, smilingly but firmly: "Mr. Mattoon, we do not consider that we are under any obligation whatever to you as an official. We shall certainly not notify you of any change of address."

AMERICAN PROPHETS 2:

Out of the pain, poverty and want of the people there may at last be shaped a new loving cup for the old religion.

The belief that a new degree of virtue is possible acts as a genuine creative force in human affairs.

The heart of man can not withstand the gentle force of love. Let the apostles of the new love, like those of the old love, taking no thought for the morrow, having no stones and no slings, go forth among mankind to found the new church of love—the church of deed, not of doctrine.

The working man is often wrong, but his is always the right side.

Myriads of experiments to get the substance of liberty out of the forms of tyranny, to trust good men to do good as kings, have taught the inexorable truth that form and substance must move together. Identical is the lesson we are learning with regard to industrial power and property. We are calling upon their owners, as mankind called upon kings in their day, to be good and kind, wise and sweet, and we are calling in vain.

History is the serial obituary of the men who thought they could drive men.

Our modern perfection of exchange and division of labor cannot last without equal perfection of morals and sympathy. Only on terms of love and justice can men endure contact so close.

America has grown so big that the average citizen has broken down.

Certainly any attempt to corner the people and the earth and the fulness thereof will break down. It is for us to decide whether we will let it go on till it breaks down of itself, dragging down to die, as a savage dies of his vice, the civilization it has gripped with its hundred hands; or whether, while we are still young, still virtuous, we will break it down.

Change of heart is no more redemption than hunger is dinner.

It will be an awful price to pay if this attempt of government of the people, by the people, for the people must perish from off the face of the earth to prove to mankind that political brotherhood cannot survive where industrial brotherhood is denied.

If we who call ourselves civilization would for one average span devote to life-dealing the moneys, armies and genius we now give to death-dealing, we would take a long step towards settling forever the vexed question of the site of the Garden of Eden.

The possibility of regulation is a dream. As long as this control of the necessities of life and this wealth remains private with individuals, it is they who will regulate, not we.

WHEN THE POPULIST PARTY, and with it the hopes of the nation's radicals, collapsed in 1896, the young socialist Victor Berger went to seek guidance from Henry Demarest Lloyd. His choice was a natural one. At fifty, Lloyd represented all that was best in the radical movement as, a generation later, did Gene Debs. Lloyd was known chiefly for his then recently-published *Wealth Against Commonwealth*, a book which combined immense research, flaming passion, and a gift for words: for instance, in the remark that Standard Oil had done everything to the Pennsylvania legislature but refine it. Lloyd in 1896 was also venerated by the Left as an intellectual who was ever ready to throw himself into a practical struggle, and as a leader who combined great public courage with—rare quality among revolutionaries—an unfailing personal courtesy.

To his great disappointment, Berger found Lloyd depressed and at a loss for the next step. "What is the use," asked the older man, "in voting? They will do the counting. And we can't shoot. They own all the guns." Later that year, Lloyd wrote: "We must think as we have never thought before. The crisis of our civilization is upon us. Which way shall we turn?" He foresaw clearly America's impending imperialist expansion in the Pacific and elsewhere, and his heart ached at the vision of an Americanization of the world.

But as so often happens with creative persons, the temporary loss of direction proved fruitful. The same year 1896 saw a change of direction in Lloyd's life work. "I am weary of shoveling filth," he wrote. "I shall do no more of that kind of work. I think I have done my share." The emphasis henceforth was to be on constructive alternatives, and the remaining ten years of his life saw a passionate search for positive institutions and ideals. We have not, I think, advanced this search far, if at all, beyond where Lloyd left it, and yet this part of his heritage, the mature fruit of his life, is hardly known to us.

Let it be noted well, as we consider Lloyd's intellectual labors in this final period, that he never for a moment ceased to give himself to the daily battle of common men. He secured, and personally carried to the jail, pardons for two of the Haymarket anarchists; in 1902, he was in the thick of the anthracite coal strike and sent around the world the words of the mine magnate who claimed divine right for his naked power; a year later, he deliberately sacrificed his last energy to the campaign for public ownership of the Chicago traction system.

Lloyd is of an earlier vintage radicalism which saw itself not as a persecuted minority but as the voice of the people. He conceived of social revolution as a fulfillment of the destiny of the American nation. It was

the self-seeking men of power who blindly resisted the changes for which the state of the nation cried out who were in the minority. Lloyd, like Debs, took it for granted that the people and the stream of history were with him to a degree which, in our days of anxiety and alienation, is difficult even to understand.

Because Lloyd believed that radical social change was what the nation as a whole needed, and could come to want, he addressed himself not to the working class only, but to the people. No one could have given himself more fully to the labor struggles of his lifetime than did Lloyd. But he saw the danger from big labor as well as from big business, unless the labor organizations based their power on a moral appeal to public opinion, in the light of full publicity. He deplored labor's resort to violence, however great the provocation, and foresaw the power inherent in mass action conducted without hatred and resentment. He believed that labor's brotherhood must include the Negroes and the foreign-born or perish. The concept of class struggle was Lloyd's chief reason for hesitating to join radical parties. In the last months of his life he wrote to the national secretary of the Socialist Party: "I cannot, for the life of me, see how the present social contest can be described as one between the capitalists and the working class. To me it appears to be a contest between the people and all those who commit depredations upon them... My understanding of the true 'class consciousness' is that one should be opposed to all classes. I stand for the people and for the extinction of all tendencies that create 'class'."

Lloyd was a withering critic of the political orientation which was in his day, and still is, the atmosphere in which most radicals live, move and have their being. His advocacy of public ownership was increasingly tempered by a consciousness of its dangers.

The least democratic countries in the world have state coal mines and state railroads, but they have no ownership by the people. The socialism of a kingly state is kingly still; of a plutocratic state, plutocratic. We mean to transform at the same moment we transfer.

The party system could not be trusted to administer socialism, for it inherently bred faction, not cooperation.

The greatest disaster the world has ever seen awaits the people who attempt to administer enterprise on socialistic principles, through present Parliamentary methods... Banks, railroads, mines, insurance, manufacturing, "state theaters", "municipal restaurants", cannot be run by mass meetings, stump speakers, caucuses, and ministerial pull—no more than private banks and business can be so run. What we know as "politics" and socialism are incompatible.

The search for alternatives to politics was exhaustive.

Coming again on a remark by Emerson—whom Lloyd revered—that “some day we will supersede politics by education”, Lloyd spoke warmly of “selection by education” through civil service examinations. He followed closely the fortunes of the intentional communities of the '90s, which were surprisingly numerous. These little groups, he said, succeeded in abolishing unemployment, prostitution, alcoholism, and a host of other social ills, and were they to last only a year, would on this account have been the most successful societies in North America. But his final judgment on community was “that the social problem cannot be solved by separate successes, nor selfish successes of a few, but must be solved in the bosom of society by all and for all.”

The Cooperative Habit

The search turned therefore to institutions which gave ordinary people a discipline in living together. Lloyd never tired of stressing that no insitutional change could succeed which did not rest on a change in men's attitudes to their everyday lives. He believed that the movement toward political socialism must be paralleled by a burgeoning of cooperative institutions within the shell of the old society. He wrote characteristically: “We cannot carry political socialism very much farther unless we develop in the body of the people a cooperative habit. You cannot make a cooperative commonwealth out of non-cooperative citizens.” Thus, for Lloyd, consumers' cooperatives, the labor co-partnership movement in England, municipal ownership, were immensely precious, strands not to be scorned of the over-all movement for change. He wrote:

Successful cooperation will march only from the body of the people by the survival of little groups, doing little things in little ways, and great only because unselfish. I think the tendency of the American mind runs too much to believe that success can be organized on a large scale. This is absolutely impossible.

Lloyd searched all over the world for models of the emergent good society. His hope was to glean the best that had been done abroad and make it available to America. In New Zealand he found a working example of what we would now call a Welfare State, and Lloyd's account of it, particularly his enthusiastic report on the New Zealanders' use of compulsory arbitration, had an effect in this country: indeed compulsory arbitration was used for the first time in the settlement of the great coal strike previously mentioned.

Of all foreign systems, that which impressed Lloyd most was Swiss democracy. “Much has been done in New Zealand,” he said, “but in Switzerland more has been done by the people. My point is not to present the Swiss people as a perfect democracy but to give a picture of a people really deciding for themselves, whether they decide rightly or not.” He left at his death an unfinished book on the subject, which was

edited by J. A. Hobson and published under the title *A Sovereign People*.

One must recall in approaching this book that the problem, how to ensure that the people really ran a democratic state, was in Lloyd's day a common concern among reformers, as it has not been since. Organizations were formed to promote direct legislation, initiative, referendum and recall, and the scholarly world turned its attention to the genesis of local self-government. In Lloyd's hands, this question assumes its rightful place as one absolutely crucial to any plan for social change, and one that is completely unanswered.

The essence of Swiss governmental practice Lloyd expressed as “the direct participation of a simple citizen in acts of government, and the application of the federal principle.” Of the spirit behind the practice, he wrote: “The ideal of the Swiss is not to elect benevolent and honest despots, to whom they shall transfer for long spells of office the duty of governing for the people: the Swiss nation is to govern for themselves, using officials just for what they are worth and can be trusted to do.”

No Elitism

In conclusion, Lloyd addresses himself to the natural rejoinder that what is possible in a Switzerland, a New Zealand or (to take an oft-cited modern instance) Sweden, is impractical in industrial behemoths like England and America:

People say that Switzerland and New Zealand could do “these things” because they were small countries. But “these things” are things that all people must do if they are to survive—that is, survive as democracies. Evidently, therefore, we must make ourselves “small countries,” i. e., countries in which the citizens know one another; in which their affairs are within their comprehension, imagination, and control; in which the center is not out of reach of those on the circumference; in which the machinery is not so massive that the mind and the hand of the common people cannot grasp it.

Lloyd's political position, then, as it is summed up in *The Sovereign People*, is first, in contrast to all varieties of elitism, that the mass of common people should direct the affairs of the state; and second, in contrast to all varieties of historicism, which reluctantly accept elitism because nothing better is practical, that nothing less than self-government by the mass of common people can preserve democracy since this and nothing else is democracy. He never rejected the state completely—an application for membership in the Socialist Party was on his desk at his death—but he never forgot the parallel cooperative movement, which he regarded as equally essential.

For Lloyd believed in the need for a multiple effort towards a better world, in progress along many paths.

"My theory of progress is that it must proceed along a number of different lines simultaneously. There will never be a single solution for the ills of society, nor a single model for social organization."

He believed also in an eternal dialectic between the individual and society. He felt that his day called for greater stress on cooperation than individualism, but that in time the pendulum might swing the other way again. He wrote to the Fairhope cooperative community in memorable words:

Our task is to apply to this economic tyrant and this money power the same social restraint that in previous ages we have applied to the power of the Church and the power of kings. But let us beware, that in doing this we create a new power to oppress.

There will never be a time when society will not be advancing to communalise the things prepared for it by the individual. In Emerson's fine saying, before every individual opens liberty, behind him closes organization.

At the heart of history, as Lloyd saw it, was neither naked power nor the blind concatenation of events, but the creative spirit of man. Nothing seemed to him so needed as a "reconstructed sentiment": "Our great need is for a positive ideal to guide and inspire... I find wherever I go that the people are for want of such a Word still unaroused."

Beyond Christianity

Parallel to his investigation of social policies and institutions, Lloyd in his last years carried on an internal dialogue about religion and the goals of man. In 1896, he deposited in a safe-deposit box a collection of essays with instructions that, at his death, they might be published by his friends. Jane Addams was one of those who later performed this editorial task.

The title of these essays is, significantly, *Man, the Creator*. Equally significant is Lloyd's comment in his instructions about the book: "the whole seeking to indicate that theory of the creative function of man which is glanced at in the sentence: 'If God should stop at perfection, man would pass him by'."

For Lloyd, a deeply religious man, was neither Christian nor deist. The point of ultimate reference for him was the collective experience of mankind. "All men are free to declare the thought of God," he writes, "or what they think to be the thought of God, as it flows into their minds. Out of this medley of intuitions and revelations the truth emerges by its verification in the experience of individuals and of mankind." Timely for our day of religious revivalism is a letter to the Fairhope community, a Utopian group proposing to establish itself on a Christian basis:

I have been thinking closely about your letter every day since it came, wanting to write you yet hesitating to do so for fear of wounding you. But I think I must speak with great frankness to avoid greater mis-

understanding. To plunge into the deepest water at once, I am not a Christian in the sense in which you seem to use that word, and not a believer in the wisdom of attempting to organise a society on that basis... And yet I who say this am now writing a paper to show that his teachings were the generalisation of the best human social experience of centuries, and the sure clue to the solution of our present social problems. It strengthens my reliance upon the value of that which is valuable in his teaching that I regard him as human—one of us. But I must say that I think a community organised upon the basis that he was the Son of God, and attempting any literal obedience to his words, would be a step backward both in thought and action. To put it another way, I see that the new relations of humanity must be on a religious basis. But it must be a broader and newer basis than that of Christianity.

Lloyd's religious teaching is very instructive, in both its strength and its weakness, of the consequences of abandoning deistic Christianity. He leaned again on Emerson, remarking on his saying "that all the religions were one wine in different colored glasses." The tang and flavor of that universal wine Lloyd summed up in the word "love". He uses it over and over again in *Man the Creator* and other essays. He quotes approvingly the phrase of William Morris, "love is enough". "Worst of all idlenesses," Lloyd says, "worse than our idle lands and idle hands, is our idle hearts." He believed that this most powerful of energies was in fact drawing men closer every day and constituted a tremendous untapped source of force to remake society.

Lloyd in Retrospect

It is undeniable that this approach led to sentimentalism. The men whom Lloyd looked to as kindred spirits and forerunners—Emerson, Morris, Ruskin, Mazzini, Carlyle, Hugo, Wagner, Millet—often seem superficial to us now. Lloyd's patriotism, his belief in progress, were sometimes indiscriminating. He was inconsistent about pacifism, inconsistent about the state. What could be more tragicomic than these words from the essay *Discovery of Social Love*:

We can travel from smile to smile all the way around the globe. Music is growing gay, armour is thrown off, leprosy has disappeared from Europe. There has been a Conference of International Arbitration. The flagellants ride the bicycle and bask on the countryside. Terror after terror disappears. Anti-toxin abolishes the terror of diphtheria; the Pasteur treatment that of hydrophobia. The terror of being found reading the Bible, of having your child torn away from your arms to be sold into slavery—a whole brood of terrors have evacuated the human mind forever.

Lloyd under-estimated the struggle for power in society and the force of hate in the human heart. All the mingled qualities we have been indicating appear in a synthesis of sorts in the Utopian essay *No Mean City*. Suggested by the Chicago World's Fair, the essay tells

how the Chicago citizenry, inspired by the beauty and order of the exhibition, gradually turn it into a living place, which in turn slowly engulfs the older Chicago. With a curious blend of economic *expertise*—for Lloyd tells us how real estate values, prices, employment were affected by the process—and social fantasy, Lloyd tells us how the change was a gradual one: the Revolution “came softly, as spring comes”. “It simply became hopelessly unfashionable, and then absolutely vulgar, for any one to threaten or rage against another fellow-being.”

In describing the institutions of No Mean City, Lloyd borrowed a leaf from the Utopian communities he knew well. All work was of equal value. “It was impossible to say that one necessary thing was any more necessary than any other necessary thing. The things were all necessary. The people were all necessary”. No one was turned away. “No one, no matter how poor the inner outfit, had ever come to No Mean City but that some one had found somewhere tucked away under the human shell some touch of tenderness”.

No Mean City is written with a passion which shows itself in touches of detail. In 1971, we learn, the old city had to be destroyed. “The soil of the city had to

be ploughed and disinfected, and sown with aromatic plants for many years before it was sweet again”. At the same time, Lloyd betrays a touch of the middle-class social worker which contradicts oddly his words on Swiss democracy. “Every feature of the experiments”, he says, was planned by experts. There was no Utopia about it. Nothing was admitted that had not stood the test of practical experience in some place”. Perhaps we can see in *A Sovereign People*, which was written later, as well as in the decision to join the Socialist Party, a final realization that the isolated expert must find some organic way to take hands with others in the struggle for new life.

The bequest of Henry Demarest Lloyd is the courage to hope. He was still able to believe that mankind was in its morning, that the shadows around us are cast by momentary clouds in the face of the ascending sun. The faith that the tenderest aspirations of mankind may yet be embodied in the texture of men's ordinary lives is a gift gravely to be received and guarded. We must keep the trust with Lloyd that “that which is begun above by the hurricanes, cloud-burst and frost, spends itself below in the brooks and violets, the ripening grain and rainbows of the happy valley.”

MAN WITHOUT A HORSE

continued from page 3

interests of the Kremlin to antagonize De Gaulle as long as there is a chance he may serve its power purposes by drawing France away from NATO. The strictures of French Communists against the suppression of rebels in Algeria have only verbal force, because they not only failed to condemn, they justified, the suppression of freedom fighters in Hungary.

Thus, paradoxically, the Socialists, who support the French war machine and are implicated in Algerian atrocities, and the Communists, who regard the Soviet war machine as a guardian of peace and are implicated in Hungarian atrocities, are in effect bound in a “united front”, in which the worthy elements in the aims of each are frustrated and defiled.

The central problem in this nuclear age is war. Any truly progressive, radical, or revolutionary force must be fundamentally and passionately anti-war. Frustration and confusion and ultimately mass suicide will be man's fate unless forces develop here and abroad, in the East and in the West, which repudiate all political involvements in the power struggle and stand unequivocally for liberty, equality, fraternity—and non-violence.

the virgin mary addresses herself to the present tense

*Oh my gods come help me for I have lost my child!
My Son, my only one, my self.
If you have seen him anywhere
anywhere send him home:
you will know him at once by his singleness,
his unique absolution.*

*He was dressed, seasonably,
in his Congressional cowboy suit
(yours on receipt of two Communists sent in
drawn, real from life or imaginatively
to be filled in...)*

*In one hand he bore the Book, his own personal
testament:*

*I have turned these in all myself—
my friends, my father, and my mother.*

*In the other hand reverently clutched
his pseudo-coonskin cap
and around his body bravely buckled
his imitation, leather holster
containing*

*O ye gods could he actually have set off
—accidentally or un—
his genuine gun?*

Eve Merriam

LETTER FROM NEW DELHI

Within a hundred miles of Delhi there is a beautiful, tapering hill crowned by a temple marking the birthplace of Radha, the eternal beloved (mashuk) of Indian pastoral literature.

Passing by this village of shepherds, the other day, I heard an exquisite stanza. Radha the beloved is singing: "If I say 'yes', I would lose my modesty; if I say 'no', I would lose my love; so when Krishna caught up with me in the narrow lane, I neither said 'no' nor 'yes'."

This then is the heart of the beloved—wilful and bridling when ordered, but melting when hustled in the narrow lane of love. What looks like resistance is an expression of modesty rather than of determination. A beloved bullies the lover into submission, and submits when overwhelmed with caresses.

INDIA'S SUBCONSCIOUS speaks when its Prime Minister is referred to as our "beloved Panditji". He is the beloved and India the lover (*ashak*). He does not have to use an iron fist, because the country is willing to be led, even by the nose. This is almost as true of oppositionists as it is of Congress Party supporters.

Looking as self-absorbed as Narcissus, with his invisible antennae spread in all directions, Nehru is attuned to the call of love. He is most responsive when others are not observing him. It would not be true to say that Nehru does not enjoy power, or that it displeases him to have all India at his feet. But he instinctively prefers to bask in the power that comes from adulation rather than from authority.

What has come to be known as the Life Insurance Corporation of India investments scandal provided the most recent confirmation of Nehru's eagerness for publicity. Several times in the space of three weeks he changed his position in response to public pressure.

A speech made in Parliament by Pandit Nehru on February 19 of this year provides a window on his mental make-up. Speaking of some of the unsavory aspects of the Chagla Inquiry into the insurance scandal, he confessed that he had been "hustled by Parliament" into the precipitate action of instituting a public inquiry without waiting for a departmental investigation. The opposition good-naturedly shouted "Good show" and "We would like some more of it."

Then began the Chagla Inquiry show, which had the overtones of a Chinese People's Court. Some of Nehru's colleagues began to feel uneasy at the way the "public" aspect of the inquiry was turning into a mob scene. Nehru, who is as sensitive as a seismograph, felt the rumblings under and around him. Even before the inquiry was completed, he was once again hustled into criticizing the Finance Minister.



Then came the third group of hustlers. It was obvious that the Chagla Commission would pin responsibility on the Finance Minister. The South, led by the Madras Chief Minister, Nadar, was up in arms. Thousands of telegrams began to pour in, urging Nehru to save the Finance Minister, who comes from the South. Maharashtrians began to make common cause with Madrasis, lest the Finance Minister's exit result in the further rise of the Gujaratis at the Center. The Prime Minister in effect surrendered to communal and regional pressures. He began to deliver what seemed to be criticisms of Justice Chagla and Attorney General Setalvad and an exoneration of the Finance Minister, which he later explained were nothing of the sort.

The fourth group of hustlers was by now afield. If the Finance Minister went scot free, leaving only civil servants holding the bag, murmured the permanent services, public servants would be demoralized. The lawyers shouted that the Judiciary was being undermined. Like Chekhov's "Darling", the Prime Minister was freshly attracted. He was seduced into showering praise on civil servants, and on Chagla and Setalvad. The Finance Minister's resignation was accepted.

The fifth group of hustlers then took the field. The Prime Minister felt that since he had paid the "costly price" of the Finance Minister's resignation, the debate in Parliament ought to peter out and become merely ceremonial. But the Parliamentary Party's "young colonels" showed a reluctance to go along with this that verged on outright resistance. The Prime Minister was hustled into allowing forthright speech—even from party members. The whip was abandoned.

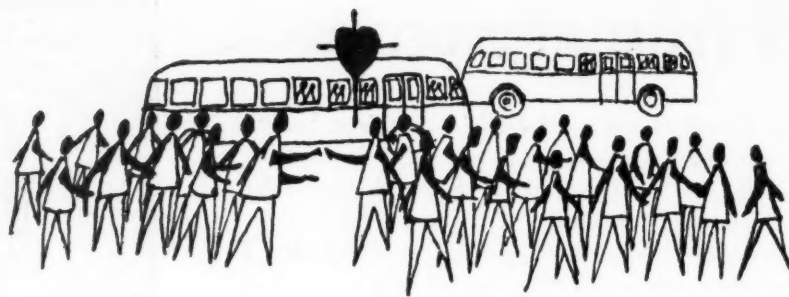
The sixth, and mightiest, hustler was still at large—the man in the street. People felt that the whole truth had not been revealed. The Communists might take advantage of the frayed temper of the public and make a bid to become the people's darlings. The Prime Minister was hustled, almost stampeded, into announcing a further probe.

Thus Nehru's yen for popularity restrains him from using the power that unquestionably is his and enables India to avoid dictatorship.

Krishnalal Shridharani

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